

The Royall Line of Kings, Queens, and Princes, from the uniting of the two Royall Houses, Yorke, and Lancaster.



Of these, the first, is He, that did Unite,
The two sweet Roses; made Contention, Peace:
The second, He, at whose Majestique sight,
All that oppos'd him did recoil and cease.
The third, young Edward, of that name the six,
Whose pious thoughts and Royall blood were mixt.

The Fourth, Queene Mary; (in this steame, a Raine,)
To Rome, a friend, but to the Truth, a Foe;
The Fifth, Eliza, in whose blessed Raigne,
Not any room was left, for Rome, to shew
A wooden God, to kneele to: Truth and She
One Scepter swaied, with one cleere eye did see.

The Sixth is He, that now makes Englands Seate,
The Seate of Vertue, (that including all,
The Stocke of Goodness) One, as Good as Great,
Before whose Shine, Clouded abuses fall:
The seventh, that Prince, that while he here did live,
As Faire Hopes gaue, as ere frith youth could give.

The Eight, Queene Anne, The Ninth, the Royall Charles;
The Tenth Elizabeth (of these) the last
Her Royall Husband: All these, Lucient Pearles
That in their Vertues, such a Inter cast,
As all admire, and Love, Who to the Fame
Of these, beare I must, may they end in Shame.